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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

The Student's Pen



APRIL

1949

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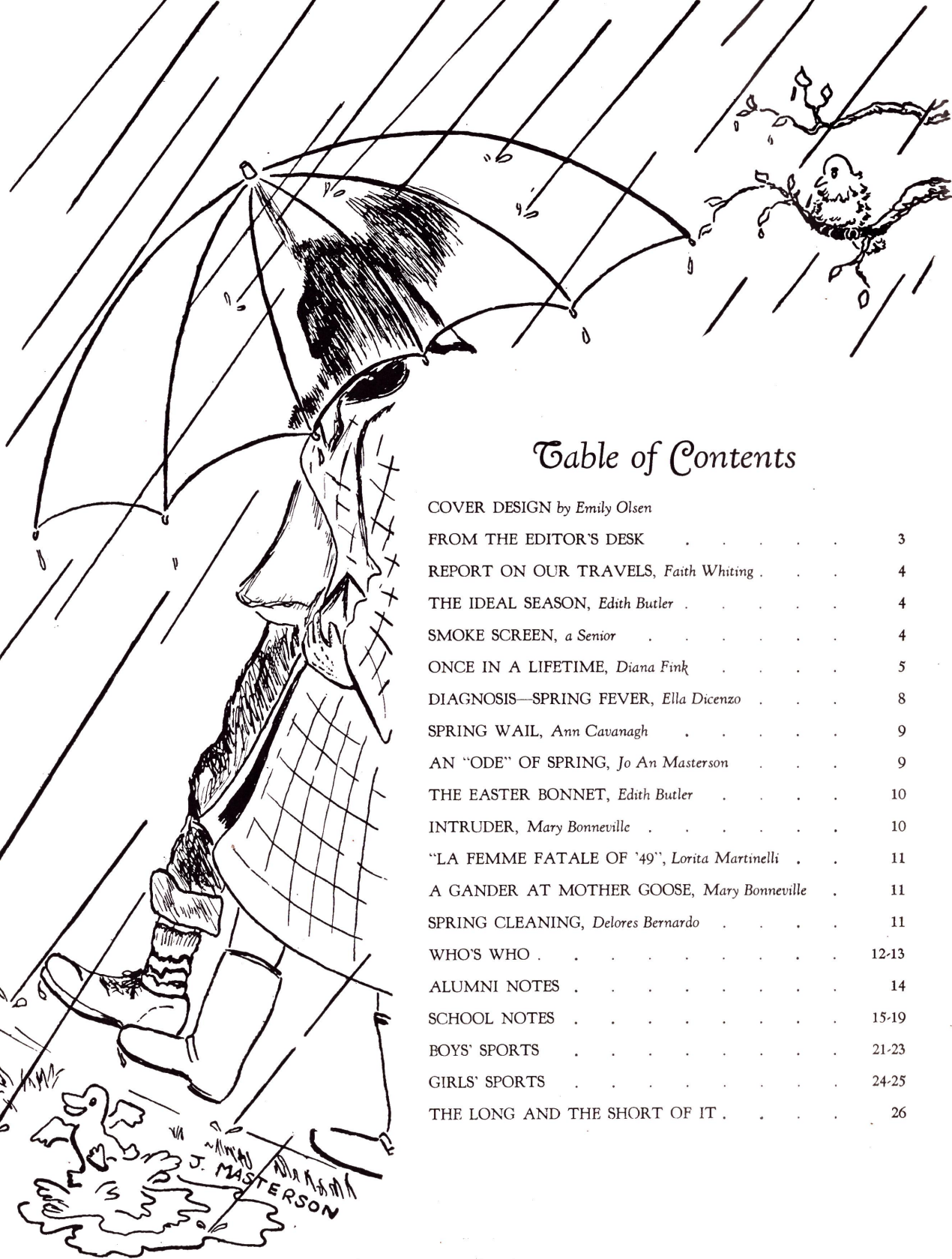


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"A" Periods - Student's - Eye View

By Mary Bonneville

BOY, I sure wish I had an A period this morning!"

Rare is the day that this sentiment is not voiced at P. H. S. Whether the A period is an assembly or precious study time, how we do welcome it! We say, "Too bad we don't have one oftener." Here is a thought! Why not lengthen the list of uses to which we put the A period and have one every day?

Never? Think of the time which would be wasted. There'd always be some who would take such an opportunity to skip out for a smoke. No one studies in study-time—much. Besides—shortened classes! Ten minutes a day adds up!

Ah, true! These seem to be valid objections to the institution of a regular A period. However, let's stop and take a look. There will always be those who will abuse a privilege; therefore it does not seem fair to use the argument that chronic offenders (who are, after all, a minority) would "take advantage" when such reasoning limits the opportunities of so many more students who would use the period constructively. The objection concerning loss of time deserves serious consideration. The question is whether the benefits would be commensurate with the time-loss. It well may be that benefits will dwarf a hurdle which at first seemed too high a jump. Having given these points some thought, we are more in a position to place the benefits on the scale.

The student feels there are sound reasons for regular A periods, reasons advantageous both to him and to the teacher. It would be to the interest of our faculty to conduct make-up sessions in the morning when we students are wide awake and not called away by a job or dentist appointment. How many rehearsals, clubs, and complex tasks of class organization could be then carried out under faculty supervision! Teachers must often wish that they could call the short afternoon their own! On the other hand, students would not only enjoy these advantages but a few more. We could get bothersome make-up done, attend committee meetings, and engage in extra-curricular activities with the knowledge that no one is waiting impatiently for us elsewhere. Many of the student body are not able to participate in after-school activities because of a job which demands their time. Thus A period could make the school life of a student full and interesting, and of course provide him with precious study time. (It is a pity that our activity is limited in high school when we are here such a short time.) The obvious advantages of A periods would seem to open doors to both faculty and student for a fuller, more active, and more profitable school life.

We students are eager to use the A period as a convenient and expedient means of serving our school. The welcome mat is out. Let us hope opportunity knocks!

Report on Our Travels

By Faith Whiting

THURSDAY, March tenth, was a day which we hailed with great enthusiasm. Shortly after seven o'clock that morning, Miss Pfeiffer and Miss Haylon, our advisers, Mary Bonnevillie, Pat Daignault, and I were seated on the train, eager to find out what was in store for us. You see, we were on our way to New York as the first delegation from Pittsfield High ever to attend the annual three-day conference of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

After checking in at our hotel, we took a taxi to Columbia University, where we received our program booklets, listing all the different conferences and discussions which were to take place during the next few days. We then marked those that interested us. Miss Haylon and Miss Pfeiffer attended advisers' meetings, while Mary and I stuck mostly to editorial and short story writing, and Pat took in the advertising clinics. The numerous conferences covered every phase of newspaper and magazine work.

Friday morning we were impatient and eager to find out how THE PEN had rated, but upon reaching the University we were relieved and very happy to find that our publication had again won high honors. We spent the remainder of the day, after the conference picture, at various meetings.

On Saturday came the big event of the trip—luncheon in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. Since there were more than three thousand students attending, the adjoining ballrooms were also used. It impressed us greatly as we arrived to hear the cheers of the many enthusiastic students who had gathered for this big occasion. When the luncheon was over, we heard by transcription an address from General Eisenhower, who is president of Columbia University. After speeches by

various people associated with the CSPA, prizes were awarded for the best editorial, essay, short story, poem, and also for the best advertising. We happened to sit at the table with the delegation from Bismark, North Dakota, and this group won the award for the best advertising copy. They had flown to New York to receive their prize, a bronze plaque citing their good work.

Besides having a wonderful time, we feel that we profited greatly from the many conferences we attended. We are grateful to the *Berkshire Evening Eagle* for the opportunity of meeting so many other student editors and exchanging ideas with them.

THE IDEAL SEASON

By Edith Butler

Summer—a season in a class all alone,

With trees and flowers beautifully grown,
With schools all closed and places to go,
And velvety grass—to mow.

Fall—the smell of camp fires in the breeze,

Motley color in the trees—
Beauty the artist's brush can ne'er quite take,
And crackling leaves—to rake.

Winter—with vast, smooth slopes of purest white,

A bountiful joy in the skier's sight—
The best sports season of the year,
With snow-covered walks—to clear.

But Spring—when snow has melted all around,

And layers of mud are on the ground—
One may with pleasure behold the view,
With absolutely nothing—to do.

SMOKE SCREEN

By a Senior

There was a big senior named Grayshun
Who smoked at the least provocation;
When class interest did lag,
He went out for a drag,
Now he's having a two weeks' vacation.

Once In A Lifetime

By Diana Fink



eyes; once more he relived the scenes of the afternoon.

* * * * *

The warm sun cast its brilliant rays down on the multitude of spectators who had come to see the game. The teams had not yet taken the field, and an air of expectancy and speculation surged through the crowd.

It was anybody's game; no one dared predict the outcome, though loyal fans boosted their teams with more hope than certainty. This was to be the most important game of the season—the city high school championship was at stake. The scrappy Bennett High players were going to try to win the title from its defender, last year's winner, Centerville High.

A roar surged up from the crowd as the Centerville players took to the field. The Bennett players gathered around the bench, and the first batters took the kinks out of their muscles with a few practice swings. To all outward appearances both teams were calm and self-assured. No outsider could see the lump of apprehension that lodged in each boy's throat; no spectator could know the determination to win that gripped the heart of every player.

The first Bennett player stepped up to the plate. He was a big boy, full of energy and grit. He knew, as did the rest of his teammates, that much depended on the outcome of this game; if Bennett could defeat its rival, it would establish a precedent that no one would easily forget; for in the twenty years the city championship games had been held, Bennett had been in the playoffs only four times, and had never yet won.

The umpire yelled, "Play ball!"

Back on the Bennett bench the reserves sat eagerly watching the activity. The victory meant every bit as much to them as it did to

THE field was dark and lonely. A chill evening breeze was blowing. All that remained of the day's game were the papers and empty pop bottles. The excitement and turmoil had given way to the calmness that follows on the wings of darkness. Everything was still; the bleachers were empty—empty, that is, except for one lonely, silent figure huddled at the foot of the right field bleachers. He sat with knees drawn up, chin resting on the knuckles of his hands, and stared into the gloomy shadows about him. He was thinking.

Life had always been an enigma to him. At seventeen Jack had seen just enough of it to make him realize that life was composed of a chain of situations, a chain of complications, that no one could foretell or forestall. That helped in some way to explain the series of events that only that afternoon had lifted him from his usual mediocrity to heights he had never hoped of attaining.

The darkness seemed to dissolve before his

the players on the field, for they were part of the great machine, part of the whole that was the team. They struggled through each movement, each little victory and defeat as it was played on the field.

One couldn't help noticing especially one of the reserves—an energetic-looking boy who looked potentially capable of playing good ball.

But it was his eyes that arrested one's attention. They were dreamy eyes that seemed to stare far off into space; they mirrored his mind as being a million miles away.

But Jack was not a million miles away; only a few years away. As he let his mind drift, he was seeing himself on the pitcher's mound. First string pitcher, star player, hero! Dreams! But some day they might come true. At the present he was the inferior of four good men, and the possibilities of his seeing action today were almost inconceivable. Larry was on the mound, with Joe, Pete, or maybe Bob Summers to follow if he should falter. What chance—?

He was suddenly startled out of his reverie by a resounding whack on the back.

"The dogs! Hey, Jack, look! They're lifting Larry!"

"Larry! In the first inning? But why?"

"Centerville has two runs, and the kid doesn't look as though he can hold out. That shoulder must be bothering him. Say—you're not even watching the game! What kind of a baseball player are you? There goes Joe out to the mound!"

Larry out in the first inning! Jack tried to push back the thoughts that came rushing to the foreground of his mind.

The game progressed. Two innings, three, four, five—they took Joe out, and Pete replaced him. Bennett tried every trick it knew, but at the end of the fifth Centerville was still ahead, seven to four.

The sixth inning was a little better. A double and a single gave Centerville another run, while, by the error of the Centerville

shortstop, Bennett gained two. The score stood eight to six at the start of the seventh.

The strain of battle was beginning to show on the faces of the players. Taut nerves and spent muscles began to ache and cry out for relief. Each man knew that at this point, victory or defeat rested on his quick decisions and quicker movements.

The Bennett underdogs struggled with all their might against the somewhat superior Centerville team. Perhaps theirs was the stronger will; perhaps Lady Luck was with them; perhaps the resources of their strength and skill were more than even they themselves knew. Whatever the cause, with all the power of the losing team that just won't give in, Bennett pulled ahead to lead, in the last half of the ninth, ten to nine. If they could only hold Centerville scoreless in this last half of the inning, the game and the championship were theirs.

Struggling to conceal the nervousness and expectation that surged up within them, the Bennett players took their places on the diamond. Victory was almost within their grasp.

Pete stepped out to the mound. He couldn't hide the apprehension within him. He wound up and let go with a fast, sharp pitch. The bat cracked as it struck the ball, and the Centerville player had almost reached first when Ken Downing, the Bennett right fielder, snatched the ball out of the air.

"H-e-e-e-e's out!"

Another batter stepped up to the plate and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his sleeve. Centerville was really worried. Pete looked at him and let go of another fast ball. The batter struck the ball with all his might—a hard hit which, while fans and players stood helpless, traveled fast and struck Pete in the head. He crumpled and fell to the ground, without knowing what had struck him.

They carried the stricken boy into the field house, and after five minutes of agonizing

waiting in which the game was halted, the Bennett coach emerged and announced, "He'll be all right, but he won't pitch again today!"

Players and spectators breathed a silent prayer of thanks for the boy who had so narrowly escaped tragedy.

But now the victory which had appeared so certain to the Bennett players seemed to have slipped from their fingertips. With their three good pitchers out of action, who could pull the game out of the fire now?

"You!"

Jack sprang, startled, to his feet as a voice boomed into his ear. The coach was standing directly in front of him. Was he talking to him?

"Yeah! You! I'm sending you out there, and we're depending on you to bring home the bacon. Go on—get out there!"

Jack took a few stumbling steps toward the field. Then he broke into a run. He! He was being sent to pitch! Why? But his was not to question why; his was but to do or—he couldn't think coherently! Suppose he forgot how to pitch! He would make a fool of himself and the team. Suppose the coach was making a mistake! But there was no way of getting out of it now. Even if—Jack caught hold of himself as he reached the mound. All he could think of now was how to get that ball across the plate. He took a deep breath and sized up the batter. Then he wound up and pitched a neat curve.

"Str-i-i-i-ke one!"

He relaxed just a little. This was better.

"Str-i-i-i-ke two!"

Much better!

"Strike three! You're out!"

All of Jack's confidence returned. The crowd was almost in a frenzy now, cheering him on. Two more outs and the game was Bennett's.

He took his time winding up and let go a fast ball, right over the plate.

"Strike one!"

The crowd roared. Jack couldn't suppress a smile of satisfaction.

He drew a deep breath and sent over another fast ball—right over the plate he sent it.

The next few minutes were never clear to him, even afterwards. He heard the sharp retort of the bat as it cracked against the ball with all its fury. He threw his hands up into the air and gave an agonizing cry of despair. Something jolted him, hard, and the next thing he knew he was being pushed and shoved and lifted from shoulder to shoulder amid frenzied cries from the fans.

"Yeah for Jack! Our hero! The guy who brought home the bacon."

* * * * *

The wind grew colder, the night darker. Jack pulled his coat collar up and rose to begin his long homeward trek.

Should he tell them? But how? What really was there to tell? They wouldn't believe him. They'd say he was just trying to be modest. Some day, though, when they'd be sitting around recalling old days, he'd say, half jokingly, "Say, fellows! Remember that day I caught the out that won the city championship for us? You do? I never told you, did I, that I only caught that ball because I had thrown my arms high in the air in a gesture of despair! I thought the guy got a hit!"

HAPPY EASTER



Diagnosis - Spring Fever

By Ella Diczio



IT is one of those indescribably perfect days when the sun is blazing outside in all its glory. It is the kind of a day when one likes to be free from all the cumbersome tasks that have hindered him since that fateful day last September when school reopened.

Reluctantly you start for school, envying the singing robins who, from their lofty perches, will be free to bask in the warm sun all day. You mischievously eye the students who have decided to "skip" school and begin to wonder if you should, too. However, you don't think it is worth the difficulty it will get you into if discovered, so you groan and continue onward to P.H.S. You arrive at school and slowly ascend the steps and enter the building. Approaching the locker section, you hear the social "butterflies" bemoaning the fact that they "haven't a thing to wear" this spring, while the more athletically inclined gal is joyous over the fact that girls' softball practice has begun. Suddenly over

your left shoulder you hear a voice that sounds faintly familiar, but it is disguised so heavily that it sounds like a fog-horn and would, perhaps, be better off if attached to a boat. It's your best pal, Marilyn, who has been seized by that old friend, Mr. Hay Fever. After grieving over the matter for a few minutes, you both go to your homeroom.

The bell rings for first period. In the corridors, the numerous "steadies" linger dewy-eyed, saying their tender adieus as if they were never going to see each other again, although in reality, they will rejoin one another in exactly fifty minutes! "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

In class, everyone comments on the balmy weather. Suddenly, everyone clamors for air. The windows are raised to their highest levels and even then, the room still seems stuffy. Being human, you cannot concentrate on anything as musty as ancient history, so you blithely put your book down and start to gaze about the room. Ah, yes! There are last autumn's football heroes resting their heads (which by now have exchanged their Samson locks for "crew cuts") on piles of books. Everyone looks so apathetic, even the teacher. Perhaps he is wistfully thinking of those happy, carefree days of his youth and comparing them to the present hectic, exhausting days in which he must try to cram some knowledge into our thick craniums. The assignment is to study pages two hundred to two eleven, but no one looks at his book. The boys are, no doubt, thinking of how wonderful it will be to spend the coming vacation fishing, sailing, or hiking. The less energetic ones will be content to loll about the parks or lake shores, meditating over the real vacation in June. The girls, on the other hand, are bemoaning the impending household disaster,

spring cleaning, but they will be handsomely rewarded when they get their new spring wardrobe; thus their burden is not too hard to bear!

Throughout the day, your eyes wander wistfully to the window, then to the clock. How closely time is passing today!! At lunch you gulp your food down and hurry outdoors. Coats have been discarded. Cameras are clicking everywhere. Every one is trying to capture the wonder of spring. The fragrance of freshly cut grass fills the air. Dandelions are popping open. Up and down you stroll in the sunshine, or you sit on the steps, exulting just to be alive. Then comes the warning bell. The halcyon moment is ended.

Study, the last period of the day and usually the one most enjoyed, is unbearable. Finally the bell rings and you are almost knocked over as the jubilant sophomores run to their classrooms, eager to be dismissed.

Even the sophisticated seniors show the effects of the season. There is no dawdling at the mirrors in the locker rooms, only an eager rush to get out into the bright sunshine. In a few minutes the usually congested corridors are deserted, and the sidewalks are crowded with a happy throng of teen-agers. Spring is here again, with its attendant little "illnesses". Is spring fever contagious? Yes, I'd say, but it certainly isn't a dread disease!

SPRING WAIL

By Ann Cavanagh

When spring is springing all around,
I want an explanation,
Why I must sit in darkest math
And solve this dumb equation!
Why on this day in balmy spring,
Like bird in gilded cage,
Must I be cooped in physics class
To hear my teacher, sage?
And so, I say, my friends, revolt
And banish this dire thing,
This rule that forces students
To go to school in spring!



AN 'ODE' OF SPRING

By JoAn Masterson

Creeks unlocked,
Lambs are docked;
Woods new dressed,
Earth refreshed.

Down by the marsh
An "ode" rises harsh.
A wood pussy scared
From his dry leafy lair?
No, some budding growth
Sends a taint most loathe
O'er the low lying fields.
Through the air it steals
To where I stand
On wet, marshy land,
With damp, cold toes
And a crinkled-up nose.

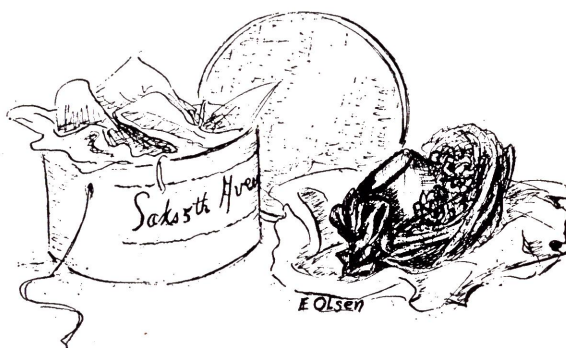
The Easter Bonnet

By Edith Butler

DURING the month of April a great portion of the female population may be observed trudging proudly, but wearily, homeward after a difficult afternoon of shopping, and carrying the familiar cylindrical box containing the all-important purchase of the season—the Easter bonnet.

Let us gaze back into the earlier part of the afternoon and follow one of our shoppers on her travels. She stops at a charming little shop featuring exclusive creations by a well-known Parisian designer. We pause a moment to behold the artistic window display consisting of hats of every type imaginable—fascinating ones, adorned with feminine frills and delicate flowers; fantastic ones, decorated with everything from the well-known shmoo to King Neptune's sea horse; and demure Puritan models to make a young man realize where his fancy should lightly turn in the spring.

But, wait, where is our shopper? I'm afraid that in our admiration of the exterior display we have allowed her to disappear into the interior. We walk in, our feet sinking into the luxurious, velvety carpet and find our heroine surrounded by an array of undreamable chapeaux. (Oh! Be careful! You almost stepped on that lovely little number which she has evidently dropped in her enthusiasm.) It appears that she has narrowed her choice down to two. She is almost ready to make the supreme decision. In her right hand she holds a dreamy specimen in sugar-pink with a halo of delicate, diminutive forget-me-nots, while in her left she holds a captivating creation in sea-foam green with lovely, foamy plumes of ostrich down. Of course, her heart is really with that tantalizingly ridiculous thing on the table, which consists of some-



thing resembling a cuckoo clock with a bird which comes out once an hour to herald the time with his cheerful chirping. However, her better judgment and her longing for peace in the family urge her to give this one last rueful glance and to divert her attention to her two finalists. Will it be the sea-foam green or the sugar-pink? She thinks of her husband. Which one would he prefer? Undoubtedly the less expensive one. Men are really inartistic, mercenary creatures. At last an expression of determination comes over her face. Her mind is made up. While we stand breathlessly by, awaiting the final decision, she summons the saleswoman and looking again at the pink and the green specimens, "I'll take—that", she says, pointing her finger determinedly at the tantalizing little cuckoo clock.

"INTRUDER"

The brownish woods of spring
Concealed him as he sat.
As still as death—except
His sniffing nose—he watched
With fear-filled eyes at my
Approach. A snowy tail—
a flash—and he was gone.

"La Femme Fatale of '49"

By Lorita Martinelli

DESPITE the feverish shoving of aggressive shoulders and the husky jabs of energetic elbows, Miss Springtime grits her teeth and pushes her way through the throng of determined shoppers, exerting every ounce of her might and fury. Jaw set and face grim, she ransacks the various departments in search of hat, suit, slippers, and all the accessories that will constitute her precious spring apparel. Swollen ankles, bruised feet, and aching bones are mere trivialities to her as she strives to attain that ever-important goal—the perfect Easter outfit.

Eventually the day arrives, the day when all Miss Springtime's efforts are to be rewarded—Easter Sunday. At last all the fashionable finery acquired by such anguish can be displayed.

It is a beautiful day. Throngs of people flock to church to exhibit their new bonnets. Groups of young men line the sidewalks to note nonchalantly all the styles.

Then along comes Miss Springtime, graceful and charming as the orchid she wears on her lapel. Her suit has the "1949 look", featuring the boxy jacket buttoned down the back, and the straight skirt with the matching row of buttons on the hemline. Her hat, cocked at a precarious angle, is a fascinating creation of roses and maline, and her dainty little slippers sport "buttons and bows". Everything is perfect! Women gaze after her jealously—men, admiringly. No one would ever guess that she is last week's grim-faced, elbow-pushing amazon.

Conscious of the awed admiration of all spectators, she glides along, feeling a heady surge of triumph as she realizes at last that she is that enviable female, that fortunate personage, the fashion plate of the season—"La Femme Fatale of 1949"!

A GANDER AT MOTHER GOOSE

By Mary Bonneville

Mary had a little lamb,
And he was five feet two.
Each day he met her after school
And after classes, too.

One day the lamb began to stray,
For one time after school
He saw a slim and charming lass
Who simply made him drool.

But Mary kept her little lamb;
Not long did he roam.
For two days later after school
He again walked Mary home.

What makes the lamb love Mary so?
What sealed this shorty's fate?
The charmer towered five feet nine
And Mary four feet eight!

SPRING CLEANING

By Delores Bernardo

The day is fine, the sun is bright,
But Mother says the rug's a sight!

I long to hike or take a swim,
But I must beat the rug with vim!

The baseball game is on the air,
And for my team, a run is rare!

Alas, the count is three and two,
But I must go; I've work to do!

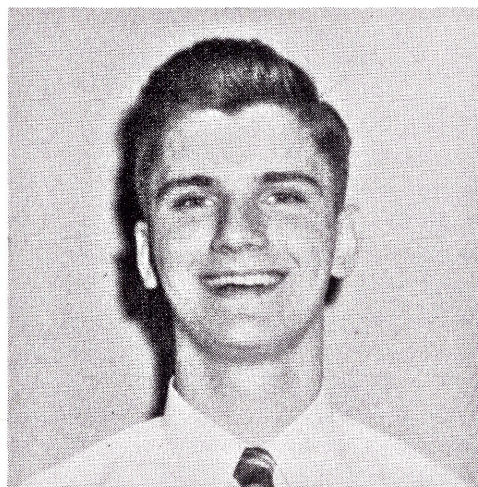
I'll sweep the porch and dust the chairs,
I'll grunt and groan, but no one cares!

The windows have a film of suds,
How can I see the small green buds?

There is so much I long to do,
But the day is short and the hours, few.

I'll be so glad when my work is done,
'Cause then I'll go and have some fun!

WHO'S WHO

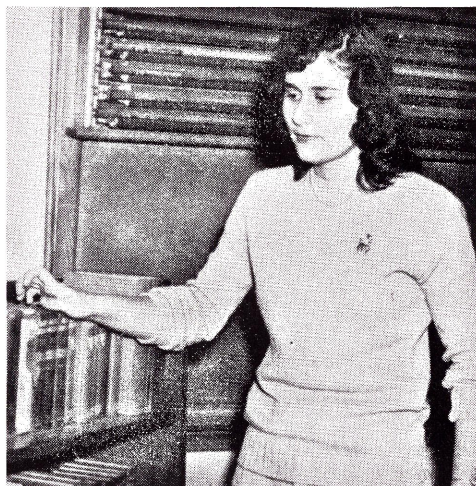


JOHN COUGHLIN

Students! Step up and meet John Coughlin, the orator of P. H. S. John recently won first and second places in county and zone contests of the American Legion Oratorical Contests and won third honors in the state-wide contest in Boston. John is Exchange Editor of THE PEN, president of the Motion Picture Club, a member of the advertising committee and Who's Who staff of the Yearbook. John's only pet peeve is getting up in the morning. His favorite pastime is eating—just eating! As for the future, he hopes to go to college and is anxiously awaiting word of his acceptance. Here's wishing you luck, John.

REPRESENTATIVE

We give you herewith one of the representatives for the Good Government Day program which is to be held at Boston. You have probably guessed her name, Norma Carosso. Norma, besides being a representative, is on the Student Council, Yearbook Who's Who committee, and was on the ticket committee of the operetta. Her likes are food (all kinds), physics with Mr. Lynch, and sports. She has made all the senior teams in sports and it is likely that you'd find her in the gym any time after school. The only pet peeve she has is having her picture taken. Asked if she liked boys, Norma answered "not especially". (???)

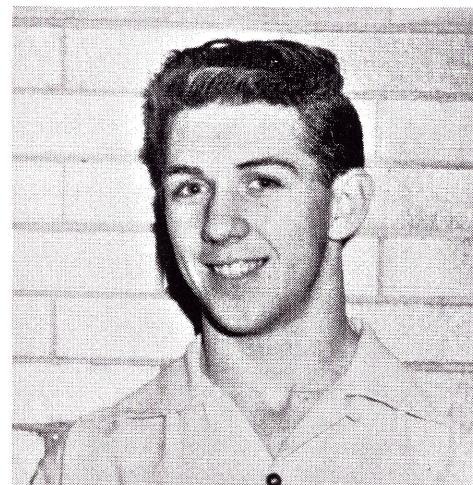


"LIZ"

Who's this? Why, you know. It's Anne Bossidy. This very busy, pert senior, has the big job of being Co-Chairman of the Class Day program. Anne has been vice-president of her class for two years, a Girl's State delegate in 1948, secretary-treasurer of the Oasis and a member of the Board of Editors of the Yearbook. Not having much time to herself, Anne smilingly admits that sleeping is her favorite pastime and that after eating steak and French fries, she'd rather listen to "Stardust" than to any other song. As for future plans, University of Vermont, here she comes!

"DIMPLES"

Students, here is Helen Giftos. This active senior is Alumni Notes Editor for THE PEN, Home Room Treasurer, and Home Room Representative, as well as a member of the Business Committee for the Yearbook and of Delta Tri-Hi-Y. In her spare time she enjoys baseball, dancing, and food—Greek style. Helen's ambition is to go through life with a smile. With such a pretty one, it shouldn't be difficult. Keep smiling, Helen!



STAR ATHLETE

Students! Here is George "Bud" Turner, a three letter man at P. H. S. Some of us may know him for his sensational pegs from third to first base; others may know him as our super halfback; while still others know him as a forward on the basketball team. Which ever way we know him, he rates tops on our list.

"Bud" is really a very easy fellow to please, and he's happy as long as he is eating a spaghetti dinner which ends with apple pie. "Bud" also says that brunettes are his dish, but he can digest a blond now and then.

About the future he expects to join the Army Air Corps. Good luck and happy flying, "Bud".

ZAJCHOWSKI TWINS

No! You're not seeing double. You're looking at Irene (Pinky) and Ilene (Ginger) Zajchowski. These smiling seniors have proved themselves worthy of recognition as great sports enthusiasts, for the twins have been in the volleyball, badminton, and bowling tournaments; were co-captains of the field hockey, basketball, and softball teams; and were in the gym exhibition for two years. In addition to these, "Pinky" was junior homeroom treasurer, and on the Junior Prom decorating committee. "Ginger" was junior homeroom representative, on the Junior Prom invitation committee, and operetta usher. Among their favorites are basketball, gym, bookkeeping, and anything sweet. Their only pet peeve is poor sportsmanship.





By Helen Giftos

Jean Aslett, '48, is a freshman at the Southern Seminary of the University of Virginia where she is majoring in music. "Jeanie" has been chosen a contestant for the May Queen there.

Carolyn Burt, '48, is a freshman at Westbrook Junior College where she is taking the General Course. Carolyn, who had the lead in the operetta at P. H. S. for two years, is a member of the Glee Club at Westbrook.

Simon Daniels, '48, a freshman at Syracuse University, is majoring in Business Administration. "Sy" recently served as chairman of the conference of the Intercollegiate Zionist Federation, which met at the university for a three day session.

Anthony Gallo, also of '48, is a freshman at Tufts College where he is taking the pre-medical course. Anthony, who had the lead in the operetta opposite Carolyn Burt, is a member of the Odikon Choir which is broadcast over the radio.

Judith Fleming, '47, is a senior at Becker Junior College. Judith is taking the course in medical-secretarial work.

Barbara Galletly, '48, is a freshman at the University of Massachusetts. Barb is going to become a dietitian. Also at the University of Massachusetts are Mary Morano of '46, Marjorie Sullivan and Dominic Diczno, both of the class of '48.

Charlotte Eberwein, '47, former concert mistress of P. H. S., is a sophomore at Skidmore College. Charlotte is taking a teacher's musical course there.

Joseph Handler, '48, is a freshman at Union

College. Joe is taking the pre-medical course there.

Wilma Boling, class of '48, is a student of nursing at the Pittsfield General Hospital.

P. H. S. is well represented in the armed forces of the U. S. Serving in the Marines are Peter Kaden of '47, and William Vershot of '47. In the Army are Marshall Wood of '47 and Albert Melideo. Robert Parker of '47 and John McClelland of '48 are in the Navy.

Patricia May of '47 is a senior at Green Mountain Junior College. Pat is taking the Medical-Secretarial Course there.

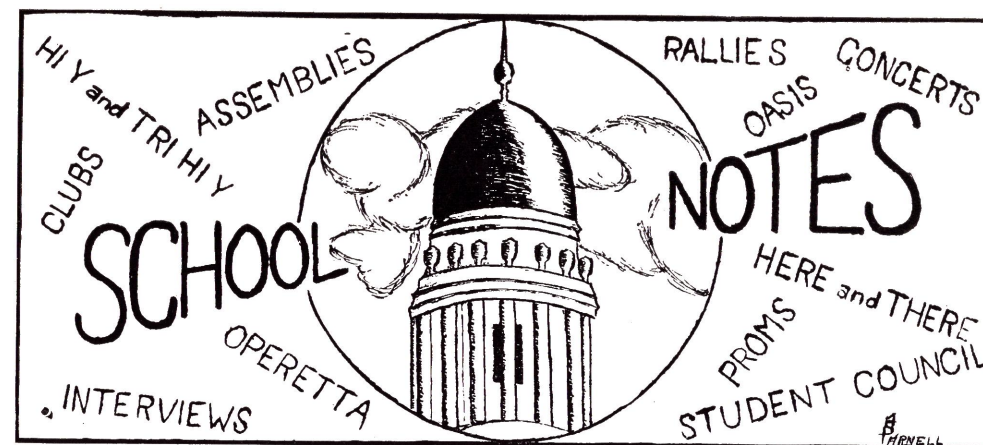
Marilyn Garrity and Margaret Kelly of '48 are freshmen at the St. Rose College in Albany. They are taking the Liberal Arts Course.

Marilyn Burke, Nomina Chadwell, Barbara Dunham, and Rosemarie Fiorini, all of the class of '48 are taking nursing at St. Luke's Hospital. Jane Nesbit of '48 is also taking nursing there.

Marilyn Reder, '47, is a sophomore at Smith College. Marilyn was the Photography Editor of THE PEN in that year. Also at Smith, are Louise Bloomberg of '48, Alma and Claire Rosenfield of '48, and Margaret Beahan of '47.

Barbara Gould, '48, has set out in this business world by taking a position with the Berkshire Life Insurance Company. Barb is working in the Mortgage and Loan Department.

James Dillon, '48, a freshman at Stevens Institute of Technology, is on the Dean's List for the first semester.



Ella Diczno, Editor

Charles Barris, Delores Bernardo, Irma Bosma, John Coughlin, Jacquelyn Ferguson, June Gaviorno, Diamond Gregory, Clair Hurley, Jean Krook, Helen Maniatis, Miriam Najimy, Elaine Paduano, Faith Whiting, Kris Ginthwain

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Nancy Knoblock and Noel Painchaud, co-chairmen of the Senior Prom, to be held June 15, have chosen their committee chairmen: co-chairmen of the decorations are Diana Fink and Elmo Fresia; program, Philomena Mele; music, Dorothy Green; house, Russell Peaslee; and checking, George Politis. These chairmen have yet to choose their committees.

Jean Johnson, who is chairman of the Senior Good Will Committee, will be happy to know about any senior who is ill or anyone to whom the Senior Class may give a little cheer. She may be found in Room 20.

and Larson Powell were elected co-chairmen of the Junior Prom, scheduled to be held April twenty-ninth. Their committee chairmen are as follows: *Publicity*, Richard Holleran; *Tickets*, Helen Keefe, Donald Agar; *Program*, Patricia Hughes; *Decoration*, Jason Reder; *Music*, Paul Wagenknecht; *Refreshments*, JoAnne Skowron; *Checking*, Harold Soutier; *Invitation*, Dolores Bernardo; *House*, George Pezzini; *Reception*, Betty Aitchison.

These capable chairmen assure us that the Junior Prom will again be a great success.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY

At last a decision has been reached on the smoking problem. On Friday, March twenty-fourth, Verne Goodwin, President of the Student Council, opened a short assembly by announcing the good news. He then turned the microphone over to Mr. Strout, who explained the plan to the student body.

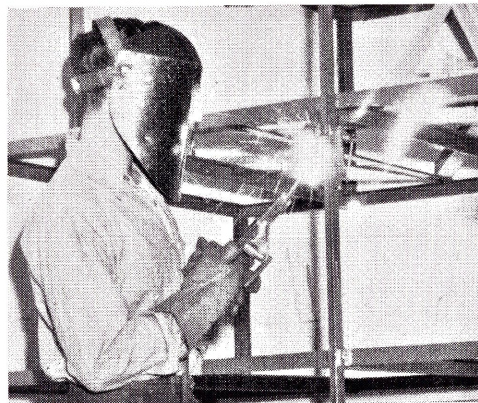
After much consideration the council has decided to give the students the privilege of smoking at noon-time. But of course there are some restrictions. To avoid the clutter of cigarette butts, the smoking must be done in the court yards back of the building. Refuse cans have been placed there for the discarded butts. This is, as yet, an experiment, but if it works out, the students will be allowed to smoke during their lunch periods.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

At a meeting of the Junior Class Council in the latter part of February, Joan Rosa and Richard Valenti were elected co-chairmen of the ring committee. Also on the committee are: Rosemary Monterosso, Joseph Zavattaro, Dolores Bernardo, Marilyn Williams, Gordon Swirsky, and Walter Weeks.

On March eighth the juniors were measured for their rings. As there was not time to complete the measurements during the A period, the students willingly gave up part of their study periods. The rings, which were selected by the committee at a previous meeting, were displayed during the day.

On March second the Junior Class Council again met. At this meeting Betsy Hynes



Edward Massery of Vocational puts finishing welds on lumber rack for Technical Shop

VOCATIONAL NEWS

Well, the long awaited time is here. For three years the Vocational Department has been waiting for very essential parts for its photostat. They arrived recently and along with them came an able instructor from Springfield, John McDonald. Chosen for the instruction on how to operate the photostat were two seniors Charles Barris, Kris Ginthwain; and two juniors, Edward Barnicle, Carl Rose. This machine is really astounding in the many things it can copy. Among the list are old documents, blue prints, music, newspaper, and colored subjects without radically bright colors. The machine can reduce copy to half-size or enlarge it to double size, in a period of eight minutes for each print.

The Vocational department has done it again! This time it is for the Good Government Day exercises to be held in Boston. One senator and one representative are from the Vocational school at P. H. S. The senator is that baby-kissing politician, Charles Barris, and the representative is a newcomer to the political field, Edward Barnicle. Barnicle's name was drawn to take the office of Commissioner of Civil Service. Good luck to our delegation to Good Government Day.

Although the war is over, the shortage of welders is still very acute at the General Electric. We are glad to see that the General

Electric has accepted the welding course as efficient enough to place all but two of the seniors in good positions there. The following boys are at work in the T.K. department at the General Electric: Jack Boino, Francis McMahon, Walter Nicola and Donald O'Brien. Although Mr. Haffley is rather sad at losing most of his seniors, we are glad that the General Electric accepts our efficient courses as such. The remaining seniors, because of an age difference, will wait until June before assuming their positions at the General Electric.

Also leaving the various shops for employment are Fred Hould, Bernard Potts, William Zuorsky from Machine Shop to the General Electric; Eugene Sullivan from Sheet Metal has left to play in the West Point band; Joseph Mettalo, from Sheet Metal has left to work in the General Electric; Donald Davis from Cabinet Making is working for a toy manufacturer in Great Barrington; Leo Trombley from Auto Body is working for Brookshire Company.

ASSEMBLIES

A February speaker was Mrs. Nola Luxford, a foreign correspondent, who gave an interesting lecture on, "Lands Down Under." Illustrating her lecture with colored films, Mrs. Luxford described her travels throughout the continent of Australia, and gave a vivid account of the wild life and the rugged coastline of Australia. The lecture concluded with films depicting colorful native ceremonies complete with ancient songs and dances.

On March 4, the Springfield College Gym Team held the student body spellbound with an outstanding gym exhibition. The assembly was a colorful affair complete with daring clowns, jugglers, and comedy team. On the serious side, the gym team put on an excellent balancing act by the apparatus group. "Woodsmen in Combat," and the sugar cane cutters' dance, proved very entertaining. Rhythmic tumbling by the entire group and a trampoline act were also given.

STUDENT'S PEN ASSEMBLY

At an assembly on March 15, five happy delegates of THE STUDENT'S PEN to the twenty-fifth Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention, held at Columbia University on March 10, 11, 12, told the student body the exciting details of their trip. The delegates were Mary Bonneville, Faith Whiting, and Patricia Daignault of THE PEN staff and Miss Madeline E. Pfeiffer and Miss Rosemary Haylon, literary advisers to THE PEN. Each enthusiastically told of the clinics they had attended, what they had enjoyed most, and how the convention had benefitted them. Their most thrilling moment came when the announcement of awards was made known and THE STUDENT'S PEN had won a first-place rating. The highlight of the Convention was the luncheon on March 12 at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Here our delegates were presented flowers from the Senior Class of P. H. S. Their evenings were spent seeing three smash-hit shows: "Anne of a Thousand Days", and "Life With Mother" and "Howdy, Mr. Ice." Our delegation returned home tired but happy with the memory of an unforgettable experience and sincerely grateful to The *Berkshire Evening Eagle* for making this trip possible.

CARE

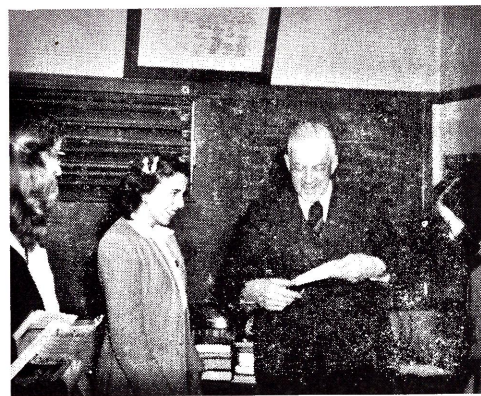
From the letters of gratitude received by the P. H. S. CARE Committee from the people of European countries, it is evident that the fine work which is being done by the CARE Relief Organization is not being done in vain. Many letters have come from grateful Europeans. One letter, written by young Richard Taras, who is in the third grade in a Polish school, says, "When that food package arrived, we were so overjoyed that I started praying fervently that God would give health to our guardians for remembering me and my family by the splendid help which we received." Another letter, from Father Heinzman of the Catholic Maryknoll order in Rome, Italy, says, "Your gifts will come as a

gift from heaven for the poor families that will soon receive them." The P. H. S. CARE Committee, under Miss Margaret M. Conlon, has received dozens of letters and postcards from Italy, Poland, Germany, France, and England. To express their gratitude and to show that they would like to give something in return, these Europeans have sent pamphlets, magazines, books, and newspapers from their countries. All this material was on display in the P. H. S. library and many interested students gathered from the articles and pictures information about the peoples and customs of our neighbors across the sea. A book was received from an inhabitant of Eastcote, England entitled "Country-side Companion" in which the picturesque English countryside is fully described in short stories and with pictures. Some of the other books received are "Notre Dame de Paris", and "Primitifs Francais". Both came from Cannes, France. Received from Germany was an illustrated calendar.

The great progress which is being made in furthering democratic living is due partly to the untiring efforts of CARE.

CLASS ORATOR

P. H. S. is proud of the success of John Coughlin in winning third place in the recent state American Legion Oratorical contest. John, a senior, had won first place in the county competition, held on February 27 at Lenox, and second place honors in the zone contest at Milford, Massachusetts, on March 13. This entitled him to compete in the statewide contest, held at Faneuil Hall in Boston, on March 16. Winner in the state competition was Roger Moore of Framingham, who had won the statewide contest in 1948 and had gone on to win third prize in the national competition. John Sullivan of Revere won second place and John Coughlin of P. H. S., third. Ably coached by Mr. Edward J. McKenna of the English Department, John showed poise, dignity, and excellent speaking ability in winning each of these honors.



Mr. Strout receives a valentine from the 5th period U. S. History class in appreciation for a pencil sharpener which he had obtained for them.



NOW IS THE HOUR

If on Friday, March 4, you missed more girls than usual in school, the answer was the Tri-Hi-Y Older Girls' Conference which was held March 4, 5, and 6 at Reading, Massachusetts. Twenty-one girls from Pittsfield attended. They are the following: Betty Aitcheson, Anne Bossidy, Susan Brosseau, June Chase, Ella Dizenzo, Virginia Donald, Mitzi Eberwein, Jean Fairfield, Jacquelyn Ferguson, June Gaviorno, Dolores and Eleanor Hashim, Barbara Hutchinson, Mary Ann Jamula, Nancy Knoblock, Jean Mackie, Sally McCambridge, Charlotte Phillips, Martha Ransford, Nancy Roth, and Marion Silvernail. The girls were accompanied by Mrs. Elliot Preble and Miss Janet Shipton. The theme of the conference was "Now Is The Hour." Dr. J. Duane Squires from Colby Junior College, spoke on three subjects: "Time Marches On", "Time to Wake Up", and "'Tis Later Than You Think." Professor Alexander Magoun from M. I. T. spoke to the girls on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage." The Pittsfield delegation was the largest attending the conference as well as the group that had travelled the longest distance to attend. The highlight for the girls was the dance held Saturday night at Reading Junior High School which 300 boys from Reading and surrounding towns attended.

EASTER BONNETS

Quoting Irving Berlin:

"In your Easter bonnet with all the frills upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter parade."

Quoting males at P. H. S.:

EDIE GRADY—Oh! is that what it's supposed to be?

JOE ZAVATTARO—Looks like an Easter egg.
MR. HAYES—I think they're grotesque!

JIMMY FRANCIS—I never look at hats.

"WHITY" HART—Just get one with a veil.

JACK FERGUSON—Terrible waste of money.

MR. REYNOLDS—I dread the prices.

DICK PUCKO—They get bigger and bigger every year.

"SCOOP" DENNIS—Ain't worth a "woof"!

JACK GEARY—What is it?

MR. CONROY—It depends on who's wearing it!

DON KELLY—Oh! you mean that's what they call it?

JIMMY MAZZER—Which end do you look at first?

COACH CARMODY—Last year's were fine!

RUDY SANDRINI—Oh! brother!

RONNIE RUSSELL—Okay, if they're the right kind.

WIN GREGORY—They're okay, but it depends upon who's under it!



MEET THE FACULTY

One of the most distinguished members of our faculty is Miss Catherine A. Kennedy. Miss Kennedy is a graduate of Lee High School and Boston University. She attended the L'Ecole Normale Catholique in Paris, for four years, and at the same time, studied at the Sorbonne University. The following summer, she received a degree from Les Cours de L'Alliance Francaise, which entitled her to teach French in any high school or college in any country of the world. Later on, Miss Kennedy gave private lessons and did substitute work in Detroit, Michigan. She then went to Murrillo, Ontario, Canada, where she taught in a Catholic mission school. Returning to the United States, she acted as a substitute at Hamilton College and Transylvania University in Lexington, Kentucky, and at Downer College in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. She was also a faculty member of a New Britain, Connecticut, high school and then came to P. H. S. Among her favorite pastimes are reading and the movies.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

During the January 21st meeting of the Motion Picture Club Jean Bolles led the discussion on "The Three Musketeers" and Diamond Gregory led the discussion on "San Francisco."

Isabel Zaccari was elected chairman of the Program Committee on January 28. The members decided that the pictures of the month worth seeing were "The Accused", "He Walked By Night", and "Words and Music."

At the same meeting, the best pictures of the year were chosen: first choice, "Johnny Belinda"; second, "The Bishop's Wife", and third, "Miss Tatlock's Millions."

During the meeting of February 11, the members voted for the best actor and actress. Jane Wyman, for her role in "Johnny Belinda" was voted the best actress, and Cary Grant for his role in "The Bishop's Wife," the best actor.

The pictures chosen for the month of March are "Command Decision," and "Snake Pit."

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of F. Carl Gorman, music supervisor, is practising for the annual Glee Club concert which is scheduled to be held May twentieth. They have finished "A Fairy Dance", and are now working on "Lullaby" from "Jocelyn", and a serenade. The girls are preparing a very interesting program for their concert.

TRI-HI-Y NOTES

The various officers of the Tri-Hi-Y clubs will be retiring at the end of this month, and candidates for the new offices are receiving much thought from the members of the clubs.

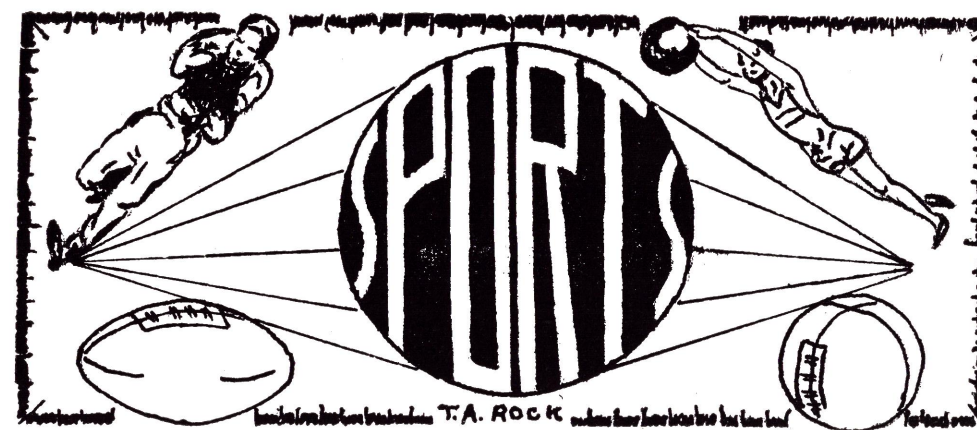
Recently cosmetic parties were held by Beta, Delta, and Gamma. Mrs. E. Boos was the instructor and she demonstrated the correct way of applying makeup.

Other activities have been Beta's successful Sadie Hawkins' Dance held on March 4, and Delta's basketball game with Zeta on March 23. Looking ahead a bit, Zeta is planning for their annual Blue Jean Jump which is to be held at the Y. M. C. A. with round and square dancing.

Sigma is planning a May Pole dance for May 20.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Back Row, Left to Right: J. V. Coach E. Hickey, R. Siegel, G. Yannone, A. Ferdyn, W. Gregory, Coach Fox, D. Carpenter, J. Krieger, J. Massimiano, R. O'Boyle, Assistant Manager: A. Nugai, Assistant Manager.
Middle Row, Left to Right: H. Williams, G. Rocca, D. Morehead, J. Zavattaro, Capt. Quadrozzi, E. McMahon, R. Pucko, R. Taylor, G. Turner.
Front Row, Left to Right: W. Grady, A. Goerlach, C. Kordana, R. Russell, J. Viani, R. Bourassa, J. Sloski.



THE RIFLE TEAM STARTS AN ACTIVE SEASON

By Carl K. Lunde

After starting their first year of competition with a loss, the rifle team bounced back in to the win column; and now it looks like a successful season for the team although it is a little too early to make any definite predictions. Starting the season with a match on January 22 at Wilbraham, Mass. with Wilbraham Academy the PHS boys lost by eleven points. Although disappointed, the team members were undaunted by their first loss. On February 1 they turned around and defeated Albany Academy in a postal match by a resounding 177 points. Quickly following this win, the PHS team members went on to take the Southern Berkshire team from Great Barrington by 68 points and Monson Academy by 129 points. Firing at Pittsfield on February 12 the team again met the Wilbraham Academy combine and were again defeated. This time, however, it was by only 5 points. Making a rapid recovery from the Wilbraham loss, the PHS members went on to take their next four matches. They took the Delmar Rifle Club of Albany, N. Y., the Southern Berkshire Rifle Team, the La Salle Institute (military high school) of Troy, N. Y., and the Quincy High School rifle team all by good margins.

The varsity team, coached by Mr. Carmen C. Massimiano, consists of Charles A. Brownlee, team captain, Robert E. Dyer, Richard M. Gerlach, John A. Getchell, Donald W. Gilchrist, Richard J. Gorey, Martin E. Hebert, Richard C. Lavigne, Carl K. Lunde, and

William B. Mahoney, and has racked up the following record.

Wilb'ham Acad.	489	PHS	478
PHS	877	Albany Acad.	690
PHS	713	So. Berkshire	645
PHS	885	Monson Acad.	756
Wilb'ham Acad.	495	PHS	490
PHS	892	Delmar	764
PHS	872	So. Berkshire	812
PHS	847	La Salle	834
PHS	865	Melrose	850
PHS	493	Quincy	481

The team has a total of six more matches in which to fire and one tournament—the Connecticut State Rifle Tournament at New Haven, Conn. It fired in the National Rifle Association Sectional Tournament at New Haven on Saturday, March 12, and took fifth place out of the twelve schools competing. The team hopes that the season can be wound up as successfully as it has been started.

P. H. S. UPSET IN TOURNAMENT

By Jay Reder

Pittsfield High's basketball season came to an abrupt conclusion the evening of March 8th. Playing against Athol High in the first game of the Western Massachusetts Interscholastic Basketball Tourney in the Springfield College Fieldhouse, Pittsfield's hoopsters went down to a 34-32 defeat.

By reason of their highly impressive record for the season, Pittsfield was favored to win in the opening round of the tournament. The "Purple", as was expected, forged into the lead soon after the contest commenced. Early in the second period the scoreboard

read 15-5 with Pittsfield in the lead. It was here that Athol's hard driving squad began their uphill battle. Ken Meehan, Athol left-guard, sparked his teammates no end in their fast breaking offense. Meehan was far more valuable to his team than his total of seven points indicates. Many of Athol's scores were a direct result of his well-timed passes and his peerless playmaking. Pittsfield's lead at halftime was only four points (17-13).

Athol's smooth working two-three zone defense bothered the locals somewhat in the third period as Pittsfield scored only five points while their opponents tallied eight. Midway in the final stanza, Bill Battaini dumped in a foul shot for Athol to knot the score at 25-25. Seconds later Herb Wilcox laid up two more points for Athol to put them ahead. Battaini then proceeded to put on a one man scoring show. His chain of six consecutive points put Athol out in front by the score of 33-25.

In the last two and one-half minutes Pittsfield outscored Athol, (7-1) but was unable to overcome their lead. What hurt Pittsfield most in the last period was the loss of "Bobo" Quadrozzi and Eddie McMahon on fouls with more than a minute to play. The Pittsfield seconds played a great part of the final quarter and did quite well. George Turner's amazing one-hander with thirty seconds remaining brought Pittsfield close to victory but not close enough.

McMahon and Quadrozzi paced Pittsfield's scoring attack with ten points each. Dick Pucko was next with five points followed by Joe Zavattero with four. Battaini was high man for Athol with eleven, followed by Meehan with seven and Wilcox with five.

It cannot be denied that Pittsfield's chances for victory would have been very much improved if their star forward, Bob Taylor, had been in the line-up. Bob, unfortunately was injured in an auto accident a few days previously. Bob's terrific floor play was sorely missed on the squad, but Dick Pucko filled his shoes quite well.

P. H. S. WINS COUNTY TITLE

By Jim Cederstrom

Pittsfield High defeated Lee in two consecutive games to capture their second Berkshire County championship in three years. They won the first game at Pittsfield and took the second contest at Lee. The scores were 53 to 46 and 40 to 31.

In the first encounter Pittsfield got off to a slow start, the score being 12 to 12 at the close of the first period. But the purple then took complete command of the play, leading 24 to 18 at the half and 42 to 29 after three quarters. Highlighting this drive were the tap-ins of Ed McMahon and the set-shots of Joe Zavattero.

While Pittsfield scored 18 points in the third period, Lee came back fast to tally 17 of their own in the final stanza. However, this did naught but tighten the gap between the two, and P. H. S. was victorious 53 to 46. Ed McMahon led the victors with 21 points. He was followed by Capt. Bobo Quadrozzi, who had 12, and Joe Zavattero with 11. Lee's center Bill Powers and guard Joe Comalli had 17 and 16 points respectively. Don Morehead did a superb job of guarding Ottavio (Spike) Biasin. The Lee star garnered only four points.

In the second game, Lee held Pittsfield close for three quarters only to fall in the face of a last period drive. They trailed 11 to 10 at the end of the first quarter and 19 to 17 at the half. With the score tied, Capt. Quadrozzi hit on two set-shots in early minutes of the final stanza and the purple was never headed. Eddie McMahon was again high man for Coach Art Fox's quintet with 16 markers. He was followed by Quadrozzi who scored 15. Joe Comalli had 9 points in a losing cause.

P. H. S. CLINCHES LEAGUE TITLE

By Jay Reder

Victory was twofold for Pittsfield High's basketball squad the night of February 18. Not only was the Northern Berkshire League

title clinched, but also the city championship. The city crown was Pittsfield's twenty-fourth in thirty-two years. In walloping their city rivals, St. Joseph's by the score of forty-eight to twenty-nine, the Purple squad earned the right to meet the Southern Berkshire champ for the county title.

Until late in the second period, the battle was fought on practically even terms. With the score thirteen to twelve in Pittsfield's favor, P. H. S. racked up three quick hoops, and from there on they were never headed. The score at halftime was twenty-one to thirteen.

The close of the torrid third period found the score thirty-seven to twenty with Pittsfield leading. Superb play-making and team coordination accounted for P. H. S.'s terrific attack in the third stanza. A great percentage of the points were picked up as a result of fast break and give and go plays.

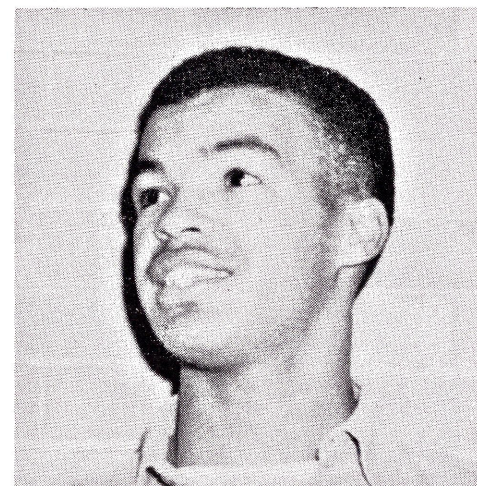
PITTSFIELD THUMPS WILLIAMSTOWN

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Terrific ball handling and phenomenal shooting were the outstanding factors in Pittsfield's 53-43 victory in the College-town on February 16. The "Purple" made good on twenty-one out of forty-three shots from scrimmage and on eleven out of eighteen from the foul-line. Captain William "Bobo" Quadrozzi led the onslaught with twenty-six markers, twenty of which came in the first half.

It is interesting to note that Williamstown double-teamed Bobo Quadrozzi in the second half in order to subdue his scoring punch. To squelch Williamstown's defensive tactics, Bobo passed off deftly to his teammates many times and was scored with quite a few assists. To double-team a player means to guard him with two men.

Andy Bernardy led the attack for the Red-men with fifteen points on six field goals and three fouls. Sweet was next with twelve followed by Reopell with six.



DONALD MOREHEAD ELECTED
CAPTAIN

Donald Morehead, brilliant guard on Pittsfield High's crack basketball squad, has unanimously been elected captain of next year's varsity five by this year's lettermen. Don has been for the past two seasons an important cog in Coach Art Fox's basketball machine. While Don is not primarily known as a scoring demon, he has the reputation of being a terrific playmaker, rebound artist, and a superlative guard.

Don first came into the Pittsfield athletic limelight when he was chosen the outstanding athlete in the local junior high system in 1947. "Mo" starred in baseball and football as well as basketball when he attended Tucker Junior High.

Don's feats on the gridiron for P. H. S. last fall earned him a place on the All-Berkshire football team. He makes his athletic triad complete in spring when he dons a baseball uniform and performs in the outfield for P. H. S.

To go along with his fine athletic abilities, "Mo" has a wonderful personality and a distinctive ability for leadership. It is agreed by everyone that he will make a swell leader for next year's hoopers.



WINNERS OF ROUND ROBIN TOURNAMENT FROM SOPHOMORE,
JUNIOR, AND SENIOR TEAMS

Won 8 Games; Lost 2

Back Row, Left to Right: Marion Walsh, Phyllis Lisi, Captain; Betty Lou Raline.

Front Row, Left to Right: Patricia Langlois, Lena Pariselli, Mary Zofrea, and Dorothy Wowk.

BASKETS BASKETS EVERYWHERE AND NOT A TEAM IN SIGHT

By Betty Bianchi

The round robin tournament has ended with team nine, captained by Phyllis Lisi, the victors having a record of eight wins and two defeats.

While the regular teams are still indefinite, it seems rather evident that the senior lineup will consist of Norma (Itch) Fitch, Pinky Zajchowski, Ginger Zajchowski, Clara Baraldi, Norma Carosso, Phyllis Lisi, Kitty Nicola, and Ann Vaughn. The juniors, led by Catherine Mierzejewski, have Jean Cronin, Lucy Brower, Ann Meagher, Rita Biron,

Joan Beekman, Sophie Deminoff, and JoAnne Skowron, to mention only a few of the prominent players. Although it is very hard to determine the most outstanding players among the sophomores, it appears that Lillian Gaudette, Libera Principe, Carolyn Wagner, Judy Meagher, Diane Nadeau, Mary Zofrea, Sally McCambridge, and Barbara Duggan have a little more on the ball than the others. With these players for starters it will remain to be proven which has the better team,—the seniors, juniors, or sophomores.

GIRLS' SWIMMING

Thursday, March 3, being the last practice session of the year for swimming, Betty McEneany, senior; Barbara Sultaire, junior; and Lillian Gaudette, sophomore, were chosen captains of their respective team. The first swim meet was held on March 31. In the field of diving there are Ann Vaughn and Nancy Knoblock for the seniors; Barbara Sultaire, junior, and Barbara Sears and Lillian Gaudette, sophomores. The juniors have a little advantage over the other teams, however, because of the fact that they have nineteen on their team, while the seniors have only six and the sophomores only five. The contest is sure to be keen, however, since each team will be doing its best to overthrow the juniors, who as sophomores, won the swimming championship.

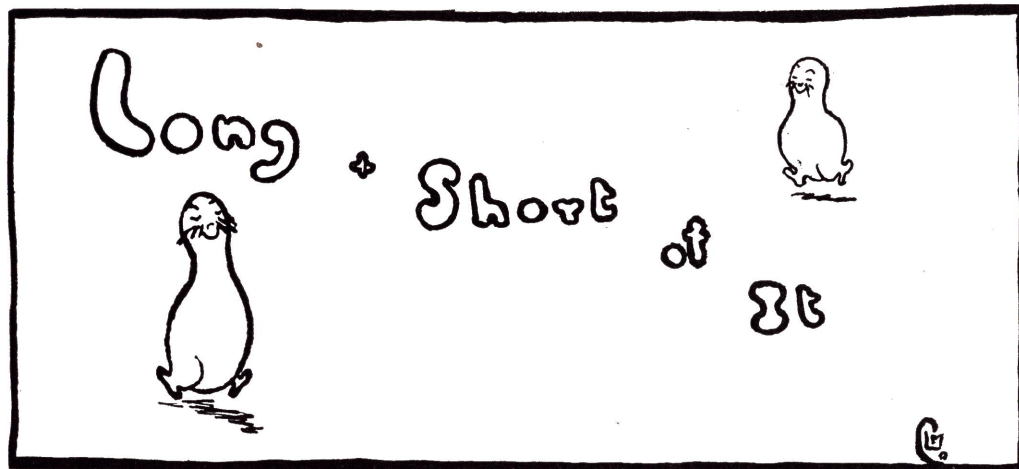
LOOK TO THE FUTURE

With only a few weeks remaining before the bowling tournament, the girls are still going great guns. There will be a team tournament in which the high team from each day will compete for the championship crown. This will be followed by the individual tournament in which any girl may take part. The competition being keen and the enthusiasm being strong, the tournament shows promise of having an exciting outcome.

GYM EXHIBITION

The gym classes are in the midst of preparing for the annual gym exhibition to be held on the evening of May 13 in the school auditorium. The girls are practising their various routines under the careful supervision of Miss McNaughton and Miss Morgan. A wide variety of entertainment is promised for those who attend.





Ed Rubin (in history class): "My grandpa says that when he was a lad, they couldn't hang a man with a mustache."

Miss Kaliher: "They couldn't?"

Ed. R.: "No, they had to use a rope."

Proud Soph.: "I was bred on Elm Street."

Senior: "Well, you might have been bread on Elm Street, but you're only a crumb around here."

Marcia Angelo (arriving at the end of the third inning of the Pittsfield-St. Joe game): "What's the score, Bill?"

Bill Mahoney: "Nothing to nothing."

Marcia A.: "Goody, goody! I haven't missed a thing."

Jerry Martin (in science class): "Something came into my mind just now and went away again."

Mr. Lynch: "Perhaps it was lonely."

Mr. Gorman (interviewing a candidate for the operetta): "Have you ever had any stage experience?"

Wise Soph.: "Well, I had my leg in a cast once."

Coach Carmody (in boys' gym): "Cederstrom, did you take a shower?"

Jim Cederstrom: "No! Is there one missing?"

Mr. Lynch: "What are the different effects of heat and cold?"

Ed. Potter: "Heat expands and cold contracts."

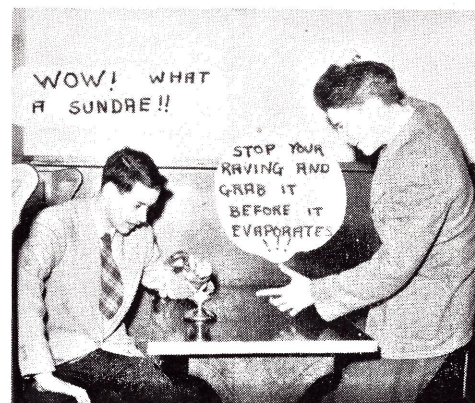
M. L.: "Quite right; can you give me an example?"

Ed. P.: "In summer, which is hot, the days are longer; but in winter, which is cold, the days are shorter."

(Two sophomore girls talking at a football game):

Carrol Leidhold: "I don't see how football players ever get clean."

J. Lombardi: "Silly! What do you think the scrub team is for?"



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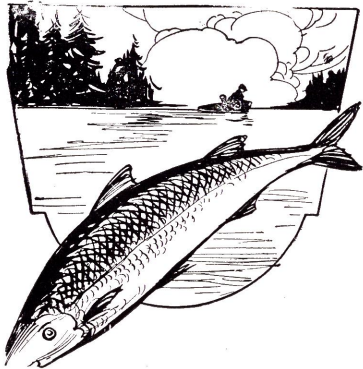
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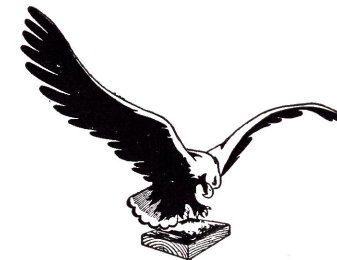
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